



On thee close Humphrey pressed, and Green—
Prevost not far behind was seen—

All names that glory owns.
Nor Thayer, Blythe, and Stedman less,
Did for her crowns their thirst confess,
Tho' danger scowling stood
Upon their path, and warned them back,
Not such the moment to retrack
Their steps, however rued.

The battle-cloud enclosed them round—
Impenetrably dun—profound.
The eye no sight, the ear no sound,
But wreathing smoke and dread rebound,
Of loud artillery met.
Save that from out the embodied smoke,
At times a vivid lightning broke,
And shout of battling men who spoke,
Through deep-toned trumpets, and awoke
A clangor louder yet,
Than rose the canon's answered peal,
Concussive shell and clashing steel;
Than these nought did those clouds reveal.
But where are those whose desperate zeal,
Led to yon parapet?

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reen—
Say did they thence with pauseless spring,
Dash maddening midst the serried ring,
Where life had been a worthless thing,
And valour would but sooner bring,

The stroke which was to set
With one brief, last, tho' welcomed pain,
'The spirit free from earthly chain?
What matter so release it gain,
If sabre opes the bubbling vein,

Or ball, or bayonet?

Humphrey! that daring was thy last.
Blythe! from thine eyes the ardour past.
There Stedman! thine were overcast,

With the dull shades of fate.

There, Hendrick, glanced thy sword's last wave!

'Twas freedom lit ye to the grave—

'Twas glory! vengeance—hate!

oke
But how with Morgan goes the fight?

In front—almost alone,

Unpalled that arm's elastic might,
He struggles still in fate's despite:

One moment—all is done!

His ranks are raked by every shot;

Thinned fearfully and broken.

Their rifles now avail them nought,
And numbers have a covert sought ;

Hope's last adieu is spoken.

'Tis done ! he sounds the late retreat—

Too late alas ! for them.

In front fresh enemies they meet,

Fresh for the toil of battle feat.

And wilt thou strive to stem

Their course, nor now thy sword resign ?

Bends not that towering soul of thine ?

“ We still, he cried, may force our way,

Determined if we be,

Through yonder panoplied array :

Ere spoke I hear your answer—nay—

Then must I stay with ye.

This dalliance does but seal your doom,

To captive's chains and dungeon's gloom,

To rebel's death and distant tomb,

Where Britain specks the sea.

Ye fondly hope our valiant chief,

May bring ye here the wished relief :

Hope on, but as for me

From him no succour I await—

E'en should he come it were too late :

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And ye may now implore your fate,
From British clemency !
Unless ye choose to meet the death,
Rather than draw a captive's breath,
To part with on the tree.

Ye hear the challenge of the foe—
Nor this ye will—then, be it so.

Briton, *they* yield to thee,
Tho' yet believe against my will,
But for their hopes this blade had still,
Been grasped to set us free."

Hushed is the clang of battle fray,
Dispers'd the cloud so darkly gray ;
The pall for those beneath that lay
In glory's bed—and captives they
To Britain, that survive.

But where, ah ! where art thou the chief,
Whose mien was greatness in relief ?

Where nature seemed to strive,
To blend each noble, manly trait ;
The eye where genius' fires dilate,
The open—generous brow—
The perfect stature, tall and fair,
The changing cheek that might not share,

The unfeeling hue the callous bear—
The blush of shame the guilty wear—
 Montgomery ! where art thou ?
'Neath Diamond's dizzy beetling head,
Whose foot a narrow path forbade
The Bay to lave—was such so dread,
So barred by ice to stay thy tread,
 And awe thee to retire ?
It could not be such arm as thine,
Should its full share of toil decline,
Or thus the enterprise resign ;
 Then why rose not thy fire,
To answer that which Arnold lit ;
Morgan to flag would not permit,
 Though strewed his men the ground !
Ah ! could they still have held the hope,
Thy blade to them a way would ope,
Still had that remnant dar'd to cope,
 With all that might surround.

Dull passed the day—night came, but threw
On captive's lot no gloomier hue.
Alas ! too dark for darker shade—
What thoughts their bosoms shall invade !
Yet Carleton was no ruthless foe—

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At least his treatment spake not so.
But what irks it the bird of Jove,
That her chain be light if strong it prove ?
And what to the lion is the bounded range
Of the park, if such he may not change
For his forest home ? alas, as well
Were he pent within the narrow cell.
Small rest the night to captive brings :
Ah ! fancy's dark imaginings,
Will crowd upon the troubled soul,
Thoughts which it waking might control.
And sleep does but the body free,
A space from wonted sympathy.
For each with each must sympathize,
'Till death has claimed his grey hair'd prize ;
Save when the last may find repose,
The first alas ! too seldom knows.
And oft, too oft the dreamer wakes
To weep so much his dream partakes
Of sad reality the form,
The sting—the never dying worm.

The morning came but far too gay ;
All yester's clouds had passed away.
Alas ! they had not passed, but hung

Each bosom o'er, and hanging wrung.
Not o'er *their* sorrows did they brood :
The anxious inquiry renew'd,
"Still doth he live," met no reply,
Save from a Briton's stifled sigh,
And gaze that melted as it turned ;
In these all their despair they learned.
They closed around the bier where lay
He whom they sought—'twas but his clay !

They fain would not believe it him :

They gazed, and turn'd, and gazed again.
Distorted feature, shattered limb,

Seemed doubtful, but seemed thus in vain.
In vain ! hope may not long deceive ;

Not long the mind from sorrow shield ;
Not long its fairy net work weave

Around it—it ere long must yield
To truth's conviction dread and dark,

Too poignant for most stoic breast.
They o'er him bent—nor might you mark

One eye that spake not heart distress.
Slow, sad and deep a murmur rose

From every manly soldier's heart.
No ! even they may not compose,

Sobs, for themselves that ne'er would start—
Tears for themselves they never shed :

But when they bent them o'er his bier,
O ! they had been to feeling dead,

Had sorrow thence distilled no tear.
In these each rugged soldier sought

For generous sorrow, faint relief ;
And on the sighing breeze was brought,
A dirge that spoke a comrade's grief.

My chieftain ! I weep o'er thy fall,

Nor am I alone in my grief :

The bud of thy promise was witnessed by all,

And but now was expanded the leaf.

Oh ! why was not one little hour,

Drawn out to complete the fair bloom :
To display to the gaze the full tints of the
flower,

Ere they all should be swept to the tomb.
From thy soul beaming eyes ere the fire had fled :
But no ! it sleeps not 'neath the turf o'er the dead.

It slumbers not there nor yet here,

In our breasts where its flame is transferred,
Surviving the wreck of that form without peer,

Whose daring no danger deterred.
How oft have we gazed with delight,
On thy features where greatness sat throned,
And listed thy eloquence soar in its might,
Confessing the magic it owned.
Now tho' wrapt in that silence of all the most
still,
The last accents we heard through our bleak
bosoms thrill.

Thou art mourned by the high and the low—
By the faithless, as well as the true—
By the country thou fought'st for, and e'en by
her foe,

Nor envy her sting shall renew.
Thy mem'ry not calumny taint,
But truth shall preside o'er thy fame :
Thy virtues, thy brav'ry th' historian paint—
Posterity dwell on thy name !
And pronouncing it ever with energy's fire,
Thy spirit shall long generations respire.

We will make thee a home distant grave,
E'en here in an enemy's land.
But not long shall the rank grass over it wave,

Thy country her son shall demand.
These relics thy brethren shall bear,
From this to a worthier clime,
And o'er them a tomb monumental we'll rear,
That shall mock the slow ravage of time.
The tribute a brave people pay to whose sun,
In glory has set, ere its zenith was won.

Reader! I bid thee now a long farewell.
There be but few would grieve if 'twere the last
Lay that shall fall—altho' the first that's fell,
From this unpractised harp—but it is past.
Its latest note upon the air is cast,
And may awake no more—so let it be.
Its vault heaven's twinkling gems are studding
fast,
And all is silent on the moon lit lea.
And so should be my strain—my muse—fare-
well to thee.

NOTES.

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NOTES.

In President Dwight's Travels, Vol. III. p. 353, is given the following description of Lake George:—
"Lake George is universally considered as being in itself, and in its environs, the most beautiful object of the same nature in the U. S. Several European travellers who have visited it, and who had seen the celebrated waters of Switzerland, have given it the preference. The access from the south is eminently noble; being formed by two vast ranges of mountains, which, commencing their course several miles south of Fort George, extend beyond Plattsburg, and terminate near the north line of the state, occupying a distance of about 100 miles. Those on the east are high, bold, and in various places naked and hoary. Those on the west are somewhat inferior, and generally covered with a thick forest to their summits. The road for the 3 or 4 last miles passes through a forest and conceals the lake from the view of the traveller, until he arrives at the eminence on which Fort George was built. Here is opened at once a prospect the splendour of which is rarely exceeded.

The scenery of this spot may be advantageously considered under the following heads: the water, the islands, the shore, and the mountains.

The water is probably not surpassed in beauty by any in the world: pure, sweet, pellucid, of an elegant hue when immediately under the eye, and at a very small, as well as at a greater distance, presenting a gay, luminous azure, and appearing as if a soft lustre undulated every where on its surface, with a continual and brilliant emanation. This fine object, however, is visible only at certain times, and perhaps in particular positions. While employed on its shores, or in sailing upon its bosom, the traveller is insensibly led into an habitual and irresistible consciousness of singular salubrity, sweetness and elegance. During the mild season he finds an additional pleasure. The warmth of the water on the surface diffuses a soft and pleasing temperature; cooler in the day, and warmer in the evening, than that of the shore; and securing the traveller alike from inconvenience and disease.

The islands are interesting on account of their number, location, size, and figure. Their number is very great—fancifully computed at 365. Few pieces of water, and none within my knowledge are so amply furnished. Their location is exquisite—They are solitary, in pairs, and in groups, containing from 3 to perhaps 30; arranged with respect to each other, and the neighbouring shores, with unceasing variety and with the happiest conceivable relations.

Both the size and the figure of these islands are varied in the same delightful manner. The size changes from a few feet, to a mile and a half in length. The figure of most of them is oblong; a small number are round. But

the variety of their appearance is peculiarly derived from their surface. A small number of them are naked rocks, and by the power of contrast are very interesting features in the aspect of the group. Some are partially, and most are completely, covered with vegetation. Some are bushy, others ornamented with a single tree,—with two, three, or many; and those with, and without their bushy attendants. Others still, the greater number, exhibit an entire forest. Some of them, of a long and narrow structure, present through various openings in their umbrage, the sky, the mountains, the points, and other distant, beautiful objects, changing to the eye, as the traveller approaches and passes them. On some stand thick coppices, impenetrably interwoven. On a great multitude the lofty pine, with its separate boughs, lifts its head above every other tree, waving majestically in the sky. On others, the beach, maple, and oak, with their clustering branches, and lively verdure, present the strongest examples of thrifty vegetation. At the same time on a number not small, decayed, bare, and falling trees are finely contrasted to this vivid appearance. He who wishes to know the exquisite and diversified beauty of which islands are capable, must, I think, cross lake George.

The shores of this lake exhibit a similar and scarcely less striking aspect. On one part of the lake you are presented with a beach of light coloured sand, forming a long, extended border, and showing the purity of its waters in the strongest light. On another you see a thick, dark forest, rising immediately from the rocky shore, overhanging and obscuring the water with their gloomy umbrage. Here the shore is scooped by a singular sweep. The next bend is elliptical, and the third a mere inden-

The points also, are alternately circular, obtuse, and acute angles. Not a small number of them are long, narrow slips, resembling many of the islands, shooting either horizontally or with an easy declension, far into the lake; and covered as are all the others, with a fine variety of forest. In many places, a smoothly sloping margin, for the distance of 1, 2, or 3 miles presents a cheerful border, as the seat of present or future cultivation. In many others, mountainous promontories ascend immediately from the water.

The beauties of the shore, and of the islands are at least doubled by being imaged in the fine expanse below; where they are seen in perpetual succession depending with additional exquisiteness of form, and firmness of colouring.

The mountains as already remarked, consist of two great ranges, bearing the lake from north to south. The western range, however, passes westward of the N. W. Bay; at the head of which a vast spur, shooting towards the south east, forms the whole of the peninsula between that bay and the lake. On the latter it abuts with great majesty, in a sudden and noble eminence, crowned with fine summits. From this spot, 14 miles from Fort George, it accompanies the lake uninterruptedly to the north end, and then passes on towards Canada. Both these ranges alternately approach the lake, so as to constitute a considerable part of its shores; and recede from it to the distance sometimes, of three miles.

The summits of these mountains are of almost every figure from the arch to the bold bluff and sharp cone, and this variety is almost every where visible. In some instances they are bold, solemn, and forbidding; in many others, tufted with lofty trees. While casting his eye

over them the traveller is fascinated with the immense variety of swells, undulations, slopes, and summits, pointed, and arched, with their piny crowns; now near, verdant and vivid; then gradually receding and becoming more obscure, until the scene closes in misty confusion. Nor is he less awed and gratified with the sudden promontory, the naked cliff, the stupendous precipice, the awful chasm, the sublime and varied eminence, and the vast heaps of rude and rocky grandeur which he sees thrown together in confusion and piled upon each other by the magnificent hand of nature.

There lies the rock by fire shivered—p. 17.

Between Glenn Falls and lake George, and five miles below the latter place there is a rock of about three tons weight, on which the Indians, during the French War, burnt their prisoners. The rock is split into three pieces by fire.

Silliman's Tour to Quebec.

And there lies Bloody Pond.—p. 17.

Bloody Pond is at a small distance from the road on the eastern side, somewhat more than 3 miles south of Fort George. On the 8th September, 1755, a battle was fought at the head of the lake, between the provincial troops under Major-General afterwards Sir William Johnson, aided by a body of Indians, led by the celebrated Hendrick, and a body of French Canadians and Indians, commanded by Baron Dieskau. After a sanguinary conflict, in which the Mohawk chief, Colonel Williams, and several other colonial officers, beside a large number of privates were killed; the French remained masters of the field, and threw the slain into the pond—which circumstance occasioned the name it now bears.

Dwight's Travels, Vol. III.

But ye would shudder should I tell
What that brave garrison befell.—p. 18.

The Marquis of Montcalm, after three ineffectual attempts upon Fort William Henry, made great efforts to besiege it in form, and in August 1757, having landed 10,000 men near the fort, summoned it to surrender. The remains of his batteries and other works are still visible, and the graves and bones of the slain are occasionally discovered.

He had a powerful train of artillery, and although the fort and works were garrisoned by 3000 men, and gallantly defended by the commander Colonel Monroe, it was obliged to capitulate; but the most honourable terms were granted to Colonel Monroe, in consideration of his great gallantry.

The capitulation was, however, most shamefully broken: the Indians attached to Montcalm's army, while the troops were marching out of the gate of the fort, dragged the men from the ranks, particularly the Indians in the English service, and butchered them in cold blood. They plundered all without distinction, and murdered women and little children with circumstances of the most aggravated cruelty. The massacre continued all along the road, through the defile of the mountains, and for many miles the miserable prisoners, especially those in the rear, were tomahawked and hewn down in cold blood; it might well be called the *bloody defile*, for it was the same ground that was the scene of the battles only two years before, 1755. It is said that efforts were made by the French to restrain the barbarians, but they were not restrained; and the miserable remnant of the garrison with difficulty reached Fort Edward, pursued by the Indians, although escorted by a body of French troops.—

Fort William Henry was levelled by Montcalm, and has never been rebuilt.

Tour to Quebec.

The Chamblay stands, &c.—p. 31.

Chamblay is built quadrangularly of stone, having the appearance of a castle, the only one of the kind in North America. The country exhibits a romantic prospect—the river in this place shallow, broken, and diffused, rushes down a rocky declivity. The elevated mountain of Chamblay rears itself aloft mid level lands; and confines, between its conical summits, a lake of pure water.

Heriot.

Or to Monte Video's summit let me wind.—p. 64.

A spot upon the highest eminence of Talcot Mountain in Connecticut, remarkable for the extraordinary beauty and magnificence of its scenery.

Or as the Louard
To warn of coming storm.—p. 67.

The Louard or Loon is a fowl that frequents the large rivers and lakes of Canada. It is said to be restless before a storm, always announcing it with a very loud and shrill cry, which may be heard at the distance of more than a mile.

For by my bosom Manitou.—p. 80.

The Indians, beside the Great Spirit and the other gods who are often confounded with him, have an infinite number of genii, or inferior spirits, both good and evil, who have each their peculiar form of worship. They never address themselves to the evil genii, except to beg of them to do them no hurt. To the others who, in the Huron language are called Okkis, and in the Algonquin—Manitous, they have recourse in all perils and undertakings, as also when they would obtain some extraordi-

nary favour. This protection, however, is not acquired at the birth of the person; much preparation must be used before he can receive it, it being looked upon as the most important affair of their whole lives. The principal circumstances of it are these:

They begin with blacking the child's face; afterwards they make him fast for eight days together. Whatever thing the child happens to dream of within this space of time is supposed to be the tutelary genius, or rather, this thing is held as a symbol, or figure, under which the genius manifests himself—sometimes it is the head of a bird, at other times the foot of some animal or perhaps a bit of wood; in a word—the vilest and most common thing imaginable. This is preserved however with as much care as the Dii Penates or household gods among the ancients.

This solemnity ends with a feast, and the custom is likewise to prick on the body of the child the figure of his Okki or Manitou.

Charlevoix, Letter XXIV. p. 212.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

INVOCATION.

O ! thou who with bewitching spell,
Can teach the spirit its powers to ply,
And with thy influence mild impel,
The soul to soar to realms on high,
And sing from morning's dawn to even,
In strains of loftiest poetry;
What e'er thou art yclept in heaven,
What e'er on earth thy name may be.
Mysterious one ! where'er thou dost reside,
Whether in one of heaven's twinkling train,
Or in some conk shell 'neath the murmuring
tide,
From whence thou dost inspire the poet's strain,
Or whether in the lonely cave,
Washed by old ocean's storm-tossed wave,
Or through some rich elysian grove,
With fairy spirits thou lov'st to rove.

I now invoke thee to impart
A spark of thy seraphic fire,
Unto this young ambitious heart,
That pants with warm enlarged desire
To catch the influence of thy heaven born art,
And sweep the muse's magic Lyre.



MEMORY.

The fairy forms that hover o'er
The dawning of those early days,
When fancy just begins to soar,
And sport herself in heaven's mild rays,
Have power upon the troubled soul,
E'en after they have vanished by :
Their lingering trace if not console,
At least may soothe that vacancy—
That void that haunts the mind, as years and
pleasures fly.

When hope's divinest visions flit,
And leave the soul in darkness drear,
Oh ! who would wish to linger yet,
And drag a joyless life out here !

O! who would ask another hour?
Who still would to this bleak world cling,
O'er whom life's charms have lost their power—
Whose heart retains not one lone string
To swell responsive to the wild bird's carol-
ling:

Or if such string remains—'tis broken,
Too rudely swept by notes of wo:—
Did not fair memory yield a token,
To light us through this vale below.
When the soul sinks 'neath floods of sorrow,
And nought looks fair that's yet to come;
It bids us from the past to borrow,
To snatch a solace from the tomb,
And with life's earlier ray, to light its later
gloom.



TO * * * * *

Oh! ask me not to thee to give,
A line on holy Friendship's power,
Tho' few have been my years to live,
I've seen so much in my short hour—

So oft have trusted—wept as oft—
That I have near a skeptic grown :
Near vowed my heart no longer soft,
Should be—except to thee alone.

But yet I can believe a few,
Might with my spirit blend and be
In every dark reverse still true—
And one such friend, I have in thee.



THE PARTING.

Fare thee well, for thou art going,
Far from those who love thee most,
To a distant land unknowing,
If one friend shall there accost.

Friends must part and kindred sever,
It hath been and now must be.
Yet thy memory leaves us never,
Still we'll fondly think of thee.

Parting tests the depth of feeling,
Which is sleeping in the breast,

Ere its hour around us stealing,
Wakes it from its pangless rest.

And it now hath stolen round us,
Spreading sadness o'er each face,
Cold nor tearless hath it found us,
Down our cheeks their course they trace

Who would chide them at the parting,
Where we must exclaim—farewell !
E'en now to my eyes they're starting,
Nor return they to their cell.

Think of those thou lovest and leavest,
When thou'rt far from them away,
Nor of all thy thoughts be briefest,
Those that thither homeward stray.

But farewell ! it must be spoken—
Now adieu—heaven shield thee well.
Memory be of each the token,
We but sigh—farewell ! farewell !



I oft have gazed upon that eye
By stealth, endeavouring to divine
The feelings there that buried lie,
Yet strike such restless life to mine.

I oft have gazed upon that brow,
Seeking to probe its text—the soul.
Say, does that furrowed front avow,
If woes corrode or passions roll?

But when his glance hath met my own
Thus gazing—it was all on fire.
Proud curled his lip—dark fell his frown;
I quailed beneath his kindling ire.

Oft when with question I have came,
He gave but answer cold or short—
Or bitter—but I did not blame:
'Twas but the surface of his heart.

But where such varied feelings glow,
And still are told to—shared with none;

Scarce may the struck beholder know,
To love or hate—to court or shun.

Like trace of red volcano's force,
Once fatal—now that only gleams
In fitful flames—but flames that nurse
Another storm—e'en so it seems.



TO * * * *

On her Birth-Day.

Enough—enough, dear maid for me,
That I thy kindly thoughts possess ;
And know that friendship e'er shall be,
Thy generous bosom's constant guest.

And often as this day returns,
Which welcomed thee to life and light :
Where'er my humble lot sojourns,
My spirit shall retrace its flight.

And Friendship's token—ever mine,
And ever kept with jealous care,
Press to my heart as tho' 'twere thine,
With all its feelings blended there.

Who would not love thy modest mien,
And spirit lone which most delight,
To bloom like violet all unseen,
Where gaudier flowers ne'er meet the sight.

Thy soul is warm, and mild, and pure,
As morning dew on summer flower.
O! may thy joys be sweet and sure,
As ever bloomed in virtue's bower.



A VISION.

I had a vision—and it seemed there stood
Before my view a being of this world,
But not all of this world—for there beamed out
From his bright eye a godlike nobleness
Of soul, which spake him far above the mass
Of those with whom his nature was allied—he
stood

In dignity of feeling—proud, but far
From vain or selfish: like the eagle glorying
In his high independence—Nature had
For him done every thing—Art nothing.
His form combined all grace—his features
Were but an index to his spirit, which

Mixed not or blended with those of his fellows.
Not that he hated them—but he pursued
Not their pursuits—nor hoped their hopes,
Nor held their converse; his was but with nature.
He bent not at their altars nor partook
Of blessed eucharist from pious priest,
Nor knew, nor wished to know
The mystery of their meaning—nor did he dip
Into that volume over which men pore,
That they may better know to cavil 'mong themselves.

He held no creed save that which he was taught
When he looked out upon the outspread plain—
The cloud-capped mountain and the rolling
flood—

And heaven's blue canopy.

He turned from these unto their first great
cause,

With heart of one who felt th' omnipotence
Of him who made, and his own littleness.
But time rolled on—

Years came and went, and still he was the same.
At length there came a thing on gilded wings;
Female in garb and female in appearance,
And held a glittering thing before his eyes—
I saw not what it was save that it glittered,

And threw a ray upon his countenance.
Then she retired and beckoned him to follow,
He paused, and she returned and held it up
again

With greater lustre sparkling—tho' reluctant,
He then obeyed and followed.

But time rolled on—

Years came and went, but still I saw him not.
At length he came but it was in a mask :
He laid it by—I gazed upon him with
Close scrutiny, and at a glance beheld
In him, all he had once contemned and loathed.
A shrivelled form whose nakedness was covered
With a few tattered garments—features dark—
And altogether earthly—pallid—meagre—wan,
Nor glowed there in his eye one beam of soul :
It all had fled—the war and waste and wreck
Of time—flood—fire—tempest—hurricane—
And earth's deep central tremblings never
wrought

Such change on nature's blooming summer
garden,

As had been wrought on him—But he resumed
His mask and went his way with slow
And searching look into the face
Of every passer by and when they past

He hastened onward—oftimes looking back
Distrustful, till no more they met his gaze.

He went—he mixed him with the world
And aped what they are wont to ape.
He was all things by turns—I saw him kneel
Beside a hundred altars—join the prayer
Loud as the loudest—but he could smooth his
cheek

To stillest, meekest seeming—Like a very Job.
Then he mixed him with the irreligious,
Those who ape it not—far better off
Than those who do—moulding himself and
thoughts,

And their expression to the viler sense
Of open libellers of heaven—next at the bar
Of justice—not as felon but as felon's helper
He stood, and plead
For crime and innocence alike.

And unabashed practised all the minutiae
Of pettifogging vice—next with a horde
Of heartless politicians he was seen, and only
held

The strongest best as being the strongest—his
sole principle :

And thus he won his sinuous ways to office

The first and last—the Alpha and Omega
Of all his aims—Then he was one amidst
A crowd of merchants—pedlars—artificers
Bartering and bargaining, as best he might.
And in all changes he appeared the thing
He wished to seem—not less that which he was.
But still hypocrisy could not veil all :
That cold and glassy eye—those obdurate lines
Depicted in his face bespoke a soul extinguished:
It was as marble to grind down the poor,
And to deceive the trusting—I lost him from
my gaze.

A space elapsed in which I saw him not,
But heard a hue and cry of murdered sire
Widow despoiled and orphan portionless.
All mouths at once flew open sending forth
Curses and execrations loud and long :
They died away tho' not forgotten.

Time rolled on—

Years came and went, but brought him not
again.

At length he came, and ever and anon
He prest his spectre arms upon his desolate
bosom,

Where was deposited a roll, which, with the bag
He carried in his hand—ill gotten all

Remained as it long had and still was to remain
His only friend and god—he tottered on
Till he arrived faint, weary and exhausted,
Old and decrepid, on the very spot
Where first I saw him—'Twas a precipice :
And through the vale below a dark flood roll'd.
Foul and ill-omened birds o'er skimmed its sur-
face—

And fierce beasts howl'd upon its either shore.
Continual night hung o'er its moaning waves,
From which out-peeping flashed the fiery eyes
And flaming tail—and yawned the famished
mouths,

Of horrid monsters—on the very edge
Of the o'er hanging precipice he sat him down;
Drew forth his roll and conned it often o'er,
And cursed himself as oft that he had not
Its value in hard yellow substance.
Then he oped his bag and poured his eyes out—
(Soul he had none, else it had been his soul)
Upon his hoard until it mocked his sight
And struck him blind—then he applied his ear,
But it was dumb—disconsolate he rose,
But had not strength to walk : up from the gulf
below

Issued a form the counterpart of his,

Except that it had wings—excepting that
There was a devilish smile and a demoniac
sneer,

Spread o'er its lip and caverned in its eye.
Its name upon the forehead was engraven
In deep bold characters—and it was Avarice.
I knew that form again, altho' divested
Of all its gorgeous vestments—it spake to him
Whom here its syren voice had first allured
and said—

“My friend, thou'st served me well,
And I will now requite thee in this hour
Of thy distress, for lo! behold the blood-hounds
Have tracked you out, and maddening come
upon you.”

Saying which
It snatched his treasure from his hand and vanished,
First plucking him by his white scanty locks.
He backward fell—a moment, all was silent—
The next a plunging sound came from those
depths
And broke my slumbers—can such dream be
real?

THE END.

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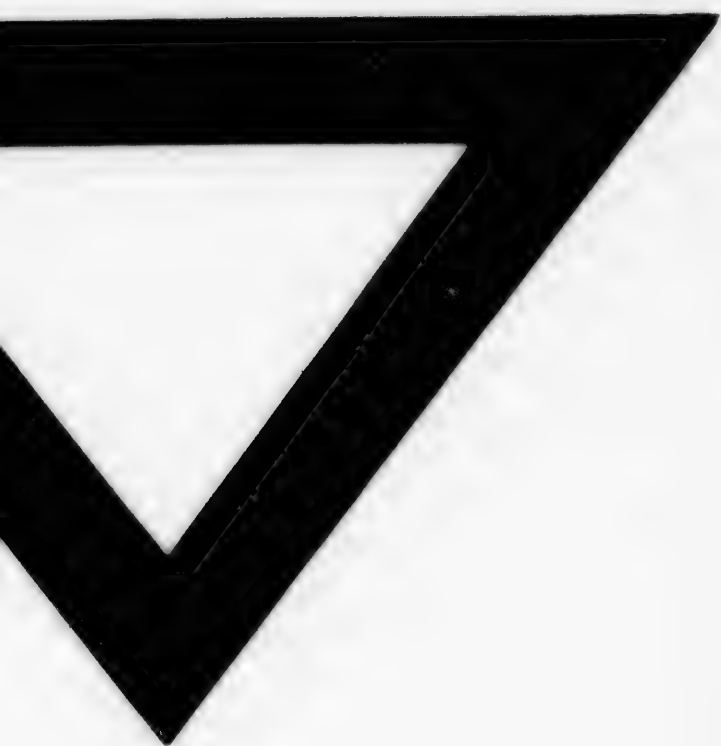
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78 CANADA. The Storming of Quebec.
A Poem in Three Cantos, and Miscel-
laneous Pieces. By S. W. Taylor. 16mo,
old calf. Phila., 1829. 21/2/09 \$1.50/

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Now meeting, and now from the view disappearing.

No! not one of these sought he to behold,
Tho' to others they brightened, to him they
were cold :

But the fleet that rode on the broad expanse,
Of Lawrence, met his eye's keen glance.

And there played a smile, o'er his lips the while,

It seemed like a beauteous beam of delight ;
That shone from his soul as he deemed that his
toil,

Those flags should reward ere to-morrow's
night.

But Montreal first to his arms submits.

The day declines, and the dun bat flits

In the dusk of the even, and the hills of the west
Have lost the last tint that enlivened their crest.

But the morning breaks, and the sound of drums,

And life piping shrill and merrily ;

And the soldiers' song on the gale that comes,

All swell the high strain of victory.

That squadron is taken, but yet there is one

Still wanting, to render the triumph complete
For the master spirit has escaped all alone,

And Montgomery deems that but trifling is done,
For if Carleton has fled, of what worth is his
fleet?

In lightsome skiff, at midnight's profound;
With muffled oar that emitted no sound,
He eluded the guard-boats below that lay;
Why came you not here but yesterday?

Reader farewell! a little space farewell;
E'en now thou may'st be weary of the lay:
Here let us pause—the length'ning shadows tell,
As do those tinkling bells, the close of day.
Eat wilt thou once more list the minstrel—say
When he his humble chauntings shall renew?
Would they had charms to claim thy longer stay;
'Tis but of late he sought the muse to woo,
And's but a wooer still; once more, a little space
adieu!

THE
STORMING OF QUEBEC.

CANTO SECOND.

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THE
STORMING OF QUEBEC.

CANTO SECOND.

FAR to the western horizon,
Delighted turns the lingering eye ;
Where to his golden couch the sun
Sinks, scattering many a beauteous dye
And glowing charm, tho' soon to fly,
Upon the fleecy mists of even :
And robes the clouds with hues that vie,
With all that fancy paints of heaven.

Nor towering Alleghany do
Thy haughty snow capped summits give,
Less brilliant beauty to the view,
And still the eye regrets to leave
Those charms, tho' they do but deceive ;

To think of hopes once bright as they,
Which now but in the memory live:
Alike unreal, short their stay.

Yes short indeed, sad to behold:
A moment's past, the scene is changed.
All now is gloomy, drear, and cold,
And joy from nature seems estranged.
And Genuis 'gainst thy flight arranged,
The storms of adverse fortune lower:
Yet whispers hope, not unavenged
Shall freedom sink beneath their power.

And as those bright tints died away,
And night prevailed o'er twilight grey,
In those cold mountain regions whence
Springs Kennebec's dark violence;
Say, heard you not a bugle note
Upon the evening breezes brought?
And heard you not its echo bound,
From cavern mouth and cliff around?
Whilst the affrighted Loup Cervier
And Congour dire rose up in fear;

Unused to hear in their wild glen,
The tread, or view the forms of men.
For ne'er before did mortal bold,
Venture into that dreary wold
And ne'er before did clarion swell
A note upon its rock and dell.
And long 'twill be ere mortal more,
Shall track that pathless desert o'er.
For dread I ween must be the way,
Where Indian barb pursues no prey.
And barren is the spot, and fell,
That ne'er replied to savage yell.
Say heard you not that bugle sound,
And echo from the rocks around?

O yes! and loud, and wild it blew;
O'er hill, o'er rock, o'er stream it flew.
And all along Dead river's shore,
Full many a crag and cavern hoar,
Reverberated o'er and o'er.
Until at length its echoes died,
Upon Magalloway's dark tide.
We turned whence that strange blast had came,
But save a watchfire's feeble flame,

And smoke that curling rose:
And save the forest towering high,
And mountain's brow, unto the eye,
The gloom did nought disclose :
But ere two suns had rose and set,
Full many a glittering bayonet,
And polished tube, and broad claymore,
And good sword brightly gleamed ;
And warrior plumes their helmets o'er,
And spangled banners streamed.
And well they looked in martial pride,
On the Green Mountains' rugged side.
Short time those heights their steps delay,
Still kept they on their onward way.
And plume and banner, man and steed,
And blades that burned for battle deed,
Behind the mountain's brow were screened,
Nor saw we them again :
And hardy, bold and brave we weened,
Were those adventurous men.

And deemed ye so? right true ye deemed:
Their deeds have proved them what they seemed.
For they were Arnold and his band,

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Ye saw upon that dismal land.
And whose the woes that may compare
With theirs, ere to the Chaudiere
They came, all by a horrid way,
That might the sternest heart dismay.

Arnold ! impetuous as the course
Of Saguenay deep, fierce and hoarse;
Unyielding as the flinty bed,

O'er which its foaming billows roll:
Thy spirit was to danger bred,

And terror's features charmed thy soul.
Thine was the head and thine the hand
To plot the scheme and wield the brand;
The mind to brave, the frame to bear
Fatigue's extreme, without impair:
The eagle eye that nought could pall,
The warrior spirit—all in all !

And long shall history's pages tell,
And oft shall minstrel sing how well
That patriot band by thee was led
From Wester Fort, to Chaudiere's head.
Nor there the minstrel shall suspend
His harp, nor there thy praises end;
But catching all thy spirit's fire,

The strain shall rise still high and higher :
Recite thy deeds in battle done,
The wounds you bare, the crowns you won ;
Those laurel crowns won by thy blade,
So green they seem'd they ne'er could fade ;
And did they only seem ? alas !
How oft that word our lips must pass,
Despite of hope and promise given :
Then is there nothing true but heaven ?
So must he think who thinks of thee.
What ! dauntless Arnold ! could it be,
From patriot thou should'st traitor turn ?
Each honest breast with scorn shall burn,
And many a page shall brand thy name
With infamy and lasting shame.]
To ignominious doom consign'd,
Apostate go ! mix with thy kind ;
If such there be who will not shun,
Crime deeper shaded than their own.
Go forth ! a veteran in vice,
And revel in thy honour's price ;
The curse of Cain is on thy brow,
Yet none shall strike the vengeful blow ;
But scorn thy sole companion be,
And Europe point as well as we !

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Ledyard, to whom thy treason gave,
An early and a bloody grave—
His ghost shall haunt thee to thy own.
Nor 'gainst thee cries his blood alone,
But Andre's too is on thy head,
By retributive justice shed.
Live on, cold traitor! if thou wilt
Survive this stain of deepest guilt.
Live on! if thy once patriot heart,
Could stoop to act this basest part;
Now by thy blushing country curst,
Still will not bend, and cannot burst:
Live on—in time remorse may flee,
Crime such as thine! wretch such as thee!

Yet, ere thy fall thou wert as bright,
As any star that lit the night,
O'er freedom's land that came;
Saving that great immortal One—
But He was freedom's dazzling sun,
Which ever beamed the same:
Whose ardour warmed full many a breast,
And thine, not least among the rest,
Was kindled into flame!
What pity that such generous fire,

In such a breast should thus expire,
And sully such a name!

Arnold had came with toil untold,
Where its dark waves Dead river rolled,
With soul unshaken as the rock,
That meets and stems the billowy shock;
And Morgan shared the peril too,
Than whose was never heart more true;
And Meigs beside, with Arnold came;
And Ogden—all of goodly fame.
But what do they in this dread spot,
Where Indians' fearless tread comes not?
Save here he come his foe to track,
And then—what shall his steps turn back?
“The foe to track,”—in sooth I heard
Good answer in that echoing word:
Ask not again what do they here,
Who seeks his foe stops not to fear.

An Indian issued from the wood,
And strode where Arnold pondering stood.
He raised his brow and doffed his plume:
’Tis he! I know that brow of gloom!
The same from Sorel’s wave that sprang,

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Like arrow from the bow-string's twang.
Arnold look'd up in mute surprise—
Whence? who art thou? at length he cries;
Your name, and errand here, declare,
Nor aught untrue to utter dare.

"I truth will tell as heaven is there,
To witness what I here avow.

Outauson is the name I bear,
The warrior of the furrow'd brow.

My tribe, alas! it is not now,
But once it was a potent one;
Its warriors are in death laid low,
And of their race I'm left alone.

I lately journeyed to the spot,
Which was my father's wilderness.
That pang shall never be forgot—

A pang I never can express.
Nor days, nor months have made it less:
It almost crazed my wandering brain—
I stood alone of all the race,

That once possessed that wide domain.

One tear and only one I shed:

I vowed that it should be the last—

It fell where sleep the mighty dead—

Oh! it was sweet but soon it past.

From thence their fount was frozen fast ;

The Pequod left his sire's fair land

Like serried leaf on autumn's blast,

Or wreck upon the ocean strand.

Curse on the Narragansett's hate,

That would not for a moment change ;

Yet shall they share the Pequod's fate,

And that shall slake our just revenge.

Areskouï—may they never range

Thy western fields and forests o'er,

Who leagued with impious white men strange,

To drive us from our native shore.

White man ! I had a brother dear,

But lowly lies his eagle crest ;

Wo met the foe who raised the spear,

Beneath my arm the sod he press'd ;

Yet still the wrong is unredress'd :

But I will seek my vengeance now,

And fiercely fall, it fits me best—

The warrior of the furrow'd brow.

Chieftain ! for such thou seem'st to be ;

Warrior ! for such I know thou art—

Although this tale is nought to thee,

Excuse the words unbid that start

From out a chieftain warrior's heart ;

If thou art of this band the chief,

I have to thee aught to impart—

Then will I thus relate it brief.

It was a Briton's hand that slew

My brother, such that slew my sire—

They thirsted for my life blood too,

'Gainst them alone shall turn my ire,

In vengeance dreadful, deep, and dire.

As late I was by them pursued,

I came where Tie's dun towers aspire,

And there I found a shelter good.

It was not death I fear'd or fled,

Or captive's lingering agonies.

Outauson never learned to dread

Or sword or fire—the last would please

Him best—he can face each of these.

I knew to stand were but to die,

And unrevenged—then ne'er would cease
My kindred's blood 'gainst me to cry.

Montgomery deemed me worthy trust,
He bade me bring his speech to thee :
I came—my path the foeman crossed,
My hatchet drank the blood of three !
But it was vain—I could not flee ;
The speech to thousand shreds I tore,
And yielded to the fates' decree,
To wait a more propitious hour.

It came ! they slept, they looked like death !
In one I fix'd a fatal dart ;
One rolled my tomahawk beneath ;—
Of two this red knife found the heart.
Well did this aged arm its part—
It left not one to tell the tale,
Or bid the tear of sorrow start,
Or raise the widow's mournful wail.

And here I am—prepared to go
On any service thou'lt assign ;
Outausion of the furrow'd brow,
Though few his days must be—is thine.

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Others did round my pathway twine
Like serpents—e'en so shall not I?
Yea, will I! through each hour that's mine
Like adder live—and thus will die."

* * * * *

Arnold that Pequod chief has sent
With written scroll of deep portent
To Schuyler's camp; and he the while,
Proceeds upon his way of toil.
O'er hill and valley, rock and dell,
Through wilds where scarce the wolf will dwell;
Through forests where the sun comes not,
Nor moon, nor star, is seen thereout;
But only owlets' orbs that glare,
To light them on the way they dare,
And shriek till morn the morn renew,
In concert with the wild curlew;
And night-hawks hovering round their path,
Like shadows flit, and scream in wrath;
And foxes peep from out their lair,
While howls the startled grizzly bear;
And hoarsely falls upon the ear,
The roar of torrent dashing near;
Sear leaves are rustling 'neath the feet
Of Moose deer as Æolus fleet.

And darker, wilder, as they go,
The dismal scene appears to grow ;
The wind more bleak and piercing blows,
Scarce and more scarce provision grows.
When shall such hardships have an end ?
Courage—see you yon streamlet wend ?
Now banish from your hearts despair,
It is the source of Chaudiere.

* * * * *

What form is yon behind the fern,
That steals so cautiously along?
Those eyes so oft that backward turn,
Betray that aught with him is wrong.
What gaze is it he seeks to shun ?
Fears he the bear so fierce and dun ?
Methinks I've seen that plume before,
'Twas such that dark Outauson bore :
The tiger skin around him thrown,
Resembles much that chieftain's own ;
That make and form, attire and mien
Combined—I've surely somewhere seen.
Much like the Pequod's they appear,
Yet why should he be wending here ?
This is no course his steps to lead
To Schuyler's camp with wonted speed.

And well he knows this is a way,
Where foe to Britain may not stray
Alone unchallenged—or may flee
Untaken—how then can this be he?

Right well I ween all Quebec rose
That morn in haste from their repose,
 When Arnold's band came near,
Still looked and looked in mute surprise,
Believing scarce their wond'ring eyes,
 " How came this army here?
Say, dropt they from the clouds to earth,
Or sprang they from her bosom forth,
 Like Greek, from seed of fear?
O heaven! unless like them they turn
Their arms against themselves, we learn
 To part with all that's dear."

A panic seized on every heart,
 He came so sudden and untold :—
Like lightnings from the poles that dart,
 Or thunder from the clouds uprolled.
So seemed the glitter of their arms,
So seemed their clarion's shrill alarms ;
But yet within those walls were two,

Of whom, one wore not British garb,
Who of his secret coming knew :

No thanks therefor to fleetest barb.
But Indians' more untiring speed,
That left but little want of steed.

On Levi's summit Arnold stood,

With nought Quebec and him between,
Save loud St. Lawrence monarch flood,

Which roaring rolled its surges green.
He gazed upon that steep dark rock,

Whose summit darker towers surmount,
As if they would his threatenings mock,

And echoing give him back his taunt.
He stood—Wolf there had stood before,

He gazed—Wolf thus had gazed too,
Upon that high opposing shore,

Where scantily the wild spruce grew ;
And heath and juniper were seen,

Yet sprang they only thin and spare,
The fissures of the rocks between ;
Yet but for these it had not been,

Perchance that he had then been there.
Without the aid their tendrils lent,
Wolf had not gained that steep ascent ;

Without the aid their tendrils gave,
Perchance he might have found a grave
Inglorious, while his rival's name—
Montcalm ! had gained a deathless fame :
And France preserved her ancient sway,
O'er all the extent of Canada.

And it is so—man's fate depends
Not less upon the twig that bends
Within his grasp, than on the brand
Whose weight fatigues and frets his hand.
Not less on moments than on days,
Or months, or years—the least outweighs,
The greatest—it is vain to call
One thing most powerful of all,
Since all must yield to time and chance,
To season, place, and circumstance.
A goose saved Rome—things not more great
Have ascertained a nation's fate.
A twig—it may be—lost for ever,
To France a sceptre which to sever,
Else had not been in English power.
A shrub—the sixtieth of an hour,
A sound—a glance—a word—a breath,
Have thousands doomed to wo and death.

That narrow winding path he viewed,
It was a devious one, and rude.
Cape Diamond lay upon his right,
And wide extended on its height
Were seen the plains of Abraham :
Thy last and fatal field Montcalm !
Thy latest Wolf ! yet still thy best,
Where thousand warriors with thee rest.

He viewed the steep before that lay—
“I too will climb that rugged way.
Of Arnold it shall ne’er be said,
What Wolf o’ercame hath him dismayed.
It were a stain upon my name,
An e’er enduring blot of shame ;
For Arnold’s soul has stood the test
Of ordeals which might shake the best.
Death and myself have side by side,
Dealt blow for blow, given stride for stride.
Nor peril’s darkest, dreadest hour,
E’er brought a panic to my heart ;
Now through whatever storm may lower,
It fearless still shall bear its part.”

Reader farewell—a little space farewell !
E’en now thou may’st be wearier of the lay :

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But still be patient and the muse shall tell,
In loftier verse he can not, will not say,
But yet in verse as lofty as he may;
The incidents so well already known,
Of that most fatal, yet still glorious day :—
Again farewell—for lo ! now sets the sun,
And other tasks remain ere night falls to be
done.

THE
STORMING OF QUEBEC.

CANTO THIRD.

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THE
STORMING OF QUEBEC.

CANTO THIRD.

Go, ye whom steep and rugged pathways daunt,
Go, seek the lawn, and gently sloping mead;
The Jessamine bower—the bee's and hum-bird's
haunt,

And chase the butterfly where'er it lead;
And listen to the music of the reed—
The mock-birds' notes, and thrushes' sweeter
voice,

Deeming that such soft scenes are sweet indeed.
And in them live and thus to live rejoice—
And sing from morn to even—but such are not
my choice.

Give me to climb the Katskill's devious height,
Where the white crested Eagle builds his nest:

Where pause the clouds upon their humid flight
As tho' to seek a momentary rest.

Thence to survey surrounding objects drest
In hues sublimest nature can bestow,
To turn my wrapt gaze north, south, east, and
west—

O'er mountains bald and fertile vales below :
And view the Mohawk's broad, and Hudson's
broader flow.

Or to Monte Video's summit let me wind,
Where dwells seclusion—there 'twere sweet to
stray

Alone and leave life's anxious cares behind ;
Where thought might have uninterrupted play
And full expression—whence the spirit's way
Might be like Eagles soaring o'er each cloud.
With steadfast eye upon the orb of day :
Piercing the dull mists that are wont to shroud
Its feelings and its glow, amid the noisy crowd.

The glassy Lake might catch the wandering
gaze,
And lure the soul from its supernal flight.
Whilst the rich tincture of converging rays.

Should fill it with before unfelt delight.
But turning from those scenes so soft and bright,
Objects more wild but not less pleasing rise :
Forests that frown and rocks as dark as night,
Grow darker as they emulate the skies;
Whilst round their lofty peaks the raven flits
and cries.

And furious Connecticut that roars,
Leaping o'er hoary ledges, crags that stem
And bear its billows back upon their course,
Breaks on the ear, whilst all unlike to them
Blue Farmington's clear waves so gently tame
With graceful sweep wind thro' the valley
green ;
Dispersing from the mind each trace of phlegm
As through embowering shrubs and trees 'tis
seen
To heave like that calm breast where crime
hath never been.

Or let me seek that hill of hills, that spot,
Ever to be remembered till we lose
The name and souls of Freemen—then forgot

Be Bunker's Hill, if that its name renews
Not in our breasts the fire it did diffuse
Into those of our fathers—let the name
Of Warren be oblivion—of what use
Could his to freedom be—if in our shame
The sound of Bunker's Hill, shall not alight
her flame.

Hail! Liberty! Immortal Goddess! hail—
Bright as yon rolling sun that lights the world;
While his endures thy light shall never fail:
Nor shall thy banners on the earth be furl'd,
Until those planets from their orbs are hurl'd—
Until those heavens are like a scroll uproll'd—
Until those mountains from their base are
whirl'd;

Yes! here thou shalt thy wide dominion hold,
'Till the loud trump declares, earth must not
be more old.

Thy spark dies not, although it may be hid,
As yon broad disk, by clouds may be obscured:
But given "by bleeding sires to sons" that
bleed,

Is ever of some patriot breast assured.
Whilst all those sires attempted or endured,
Gleams as a beacon to their progeny.
To light them on their path—or as the Louard
To warn of coming storm—and may they be
Examples e'er revered, America by thee.

But this is not my theme and I must go,
Where Tourment Cape towers high as tho' it

were

To gaze on great St. Lawrence' mighty flow,
And trace its wide extending flood to where
'Twixt shores that farther from each other wear
Their course, it rolls sublimely to the ocean;
Whilst over 'gainst its summit others rear
Their haughty heads, from whence in wild
commotion

Leaps Montmorency's weight, and hills quake
'neath its motion.

And spray and mist are ever from the chasm
Where it has leaped and boils, high into air
Rising to meet the clouds like some phantasm,
While fancy's reign prevails that seems so fair;

And form themselves to beauteous rainbows
there.

Still further down glide tributary streams;
And Isle of Orleans yields no little share,
Of grandeur to the view, so lone it seems,
And yet so stately still enrobed in glory's beams.

But there is Quebec proudly on her rock,
Rising to meet and to surprise the eye!
Bidding defiance to each bellowing shock,
Seeming to spurn the earth and seek the sky.
And further up Cape Rouge is towering high,
Point Levi's heights are on the opposing shore
Where cling the offspring of sterility:
There Savery rolls, and from above the roar
Of Chaudiere is heard, its rough rocks dashing
o'er.

Land of dark floods! stupendous cataracts!
Huge naked precipices! forests dread!
Pathless save where the savage Indian tracks
A way which wild beasts haunt—the spirit bred
Amid thy scenes—its passions on them fed,
Might well be stern, impetuous and strong.

Fearless and free—but whither have I strayed?
I had not meant such portion of my song,
Should thus be poured but now, my theme shall
haste along.

It nought avails to tell each toil,
Each varied daring and each foil.
Few pause to ask of minor deeds,
When one great scheme fails or succeeds.
Suffice to say the weary bands
At Point au Tremble shook willing hands,
O'erjoyed in this cold cheerless place,
To meet whom name of friend might grace :
Whence without longer stay they came
To the famed plains of Abraham :
And Quebec's walls look grimly there,
Contemning all the Leaguerers dare.
And every pointing spire and vane,
The expiring sunbeams ruddy stain.
But they shall see a bloodier sight—
A darker than the approaching night.

A flag is sent, a shower of balls,
Around and o'er its bearer falls;
Whilst the accompanying quick report,

Bears Carleton's answer loud and short.

The letter secretly conveyed—

The high and stern demand—the threat—
On him have no impression made.

Alike they're unregarded yet.
Disdainful answer is but given,

That chafes Montgomery's fiery mood :
"Thou wilt not yield—then witness heaven,

I wash my hands of British blood.
Bethink thee, haughty Carleton well,

If thou canst stand the battle shock,
If thou'rt secure from bomb and shell.

Bethink thee ere thou darest to mock
Our fury, if those rock-thron'd towers

Hold not thy foes and freedom's friends,
Who wait till but one peal of ours,

Proclaims our ruth for ever ends,
To rise and make them all their own,

And vindicate their trampled rights :
It fits thee not that scornful tone,

But it may change ere many nights.
And sad for thee and thine will be,

The night or day, whene'er the hour
Shall come, that gives us victory.

Avert these woes while in thy power."

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"Fulfil thy threat ;"—this answer brief,
Alone vouchsafed the British chief.
"Fulfil thy threat,"—this firm reply,
Hath woke the dread artillery.
And often has its peelings roared ;
In showers the sweeping iron pour'd.
Yet cannon's peal and howitz' blaze,
Leave of their fury little trace.
Time flies and morn succeeds to morn,
With each more wintry blasts are borne.
Meantime have crept diseases stern
Amid the camp, and fevers burn,
And agues shake the feeble frame—
And fiery eyes have lost their flame—
And arms their strength, and veterans grow
Pale beneath the drifting snow,
Like a winding sheet outspread,
To receive the drooping head,
And enfold the breathless form,
When the spirit thence has fled ;
Leaving it to feast the worm,
Slimy reveller o'er the dead !

How beats thy heart, Montgomery, now ?
Still firm and dauntless is thy brow ?

Say, in that eye so lately bright,

With hope's most ardent, cloudless glare,
Are those the shades of coming night,

The evening mists of dark despair?
And is that sigh the sigh of one,

Who leaves his purpose unfulfilled
While yet aught further may be done?

Whom peril's hour can teach to yield?
Not so—though toils and dangers press

Around thee—still thou art prepar'd
To meet and brave them, nor confess,

That all is lost ere all be dar'd.
No! He whose parting word with her,

By him most cherish'd, lov'd of all,
Whose voice than all was mightier,

Saving his foster country's call,
Was "loved one, thou shalt never blush

For thy Montgomery"—words which oft
Upon his memory would rush,

And with them recollections soft—
Yet still they manned him in that hour,
When most was needed strengthening power:
No! he cried it must not be

Thou should'st ever blush for him,
Thy unchang'd Montgomery,

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Rather let his eye grow dim.
Rather let the piercing blast,
Freeze the current of his heart,
Ere it should forget its part,
Or avoid the adventurous cast.

'Twas dusk upon the plain, the sun
Behind the western hills went down.
The snow was drifting fast and deep,
O'er sloping vale and rocky steep.
Sat Carleton in his secret hall,
Where, in obedience to his call
His chieftains came, and with them one
Who seem'd the gloomy forests' son ;
He sat him down in silent mood,
And who had then his features view'd,
Had deem'd that far from undisturb'd,
Thought was deep working and perturb'd
Within that breast, whose index dark,
Its passions was unwont to mark,
And sullen long remain'd aside,
But wildly rose at length and cried :—
Hark ! hear ye not the loon's shrill note that
comes upon the blast,

And does it but portend the storm that's raging
now shall last?

Or rather, does it not forewarn of other storm
that's nigh,

But not to burst from yonder clouds that veil
the ethereal sky.

E'en now the shadow of my sire is reeking in
my sight,

And my brother's bloody corpse I see as on that
fatal night ;

And they bid me sing my battle song, and gird
me for the fray,

Where I must mix ere sets again the rolling orb
of day.

And let my soul but once more soar in battle's
fiercest hour,

This is the only wish that yet to hold it here
hath power.

And when my arm hath done its work of death
among the foe,

Red to his father's shadows let the Pequod's
spirit go.

And then he sang his feats in war—

The deaths he dealt, the scars he bore ;

Told all the reeking scalps he tore
From foe beneath his arm o'erthrown,
Recounting all his youth had done
With exultation high and wild,
Like nature's own untutor'd child.

'Twas night upon the plain, the moon
Upon her starry way rode on.
But all unseeing and unseen,
Through the dark clouds that hung between,
As to preclude her gentler view,
From deeds of darker, deeper hue.
Some stir was in the inveterate's camp,
A still, low sound of measur'd tramp.
An echo of commanding word—
A sullen plunge at times was heard,
Succeeded by a pause so deep,
'Twould seem they all were wrapp'd in sleep.
But such, nor heavily nor light,
Had prest upon one lid that night.
Yet seem'd the silence scarcely broke,
As half suppress'd a voice thus spoke :—

'Tis come ! the hour of final strife !
The rolling drum and thrilling fife,

Shall soon awake to desperate life,
The slumbering hosts of Brittany.

On ! those with me who freely go—
I ask not dastard's succour—No !
We strike not with a dastard foe,
But one will combat sturdily.

Beneath yon valour-baffling stones,
Our banners fold our tombless bones ;
Or over freedom's conquering sons,
Shall on them wave triumphantly.

Your country looks upon the fight,
Great Warren's spirit rolls back the night ;
With all who fell on Bunker's height,
To gaze upon your gallantry.

She asks revenge for wrongs and shame ;
They bid ye still uphold their fame,
And win like them a deathless name,
The champions of liberty !

More need I say ? I need not more,
To men whom injuries long and sore,

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Provok'd and goaded till they swore
"War to the knife" with tyranny.

Then let us to the scene of strife,
Reserve the roll of drum and fife,
Then sudden rouse to desperate life,
The slumbering hosts of Brittany!

Slow spread the morning's gray twilight,
But softened scarce one shade of night.
Grown blacker now by storm-charged cloud,
That gives to all a sabler shroud.
The spirit of the tempest wakes
The roar of elements, that breaks
Upon and stuns the startled ear.
More loud, and it would seem more near,
With fury which the wild winds swell,
Dash Montmorency and Ouellet.
St. Charles—St. Thomas—Chaudiere,
And further up Jacques Cartier—
To mingle with the expansive flow,
That meets the ocean far below.
And massy ice-bergs leaping down
From height terrific, or upthrown
'Gainst rocky shores, are wreck'd and lost,
Like sailless hulk on desolate coast.

From Camourasca's craggy shore,
The sea-wolf's howl, the ceaseless roar
From forest cave of beasts of prey,
Are heard—all nature seems to say,
"A long farewell to quiet's reign.
Man! 'neath thy sheltering roof remain,
Nor dare to venture thence, the snow
Falls fast above, lies deep below.
And thou may'st meet a 'whelming doom,
Like Arab in the red simoom."

But onward heedless all they go,
Of raging storm and wreathing snow,
Nor are their steps retraced;
Soft, noiselessly, along they wend,
Where Quebec's rock-girt walls ascend,
But such was Arnold's haste—
He dash'd himself upon St. Roch,
Ere deemed the foe of coming shock :—
His pride was to be first;
But Frazer's eye hath learnt the whole—
The trumpets sound, the loud drums roll,
Far gleaming lightnings burst!
Like lion in his den beset,
They turn on those who nearest threat;

Fast pours the vollied flame,
On! On! my comrades—victory's breath
Let us respire, or sink in death!

This Arnold's fierce exclaim.
God of the brave, still be thou nigh,

To string the patriot's arm!
There doth the field of glory lie,
Where we may win and can but die,
And life retain'd in slavery

For us retains no charm.
There still is room for each a grave,
At least beneath yon wandering wave.
Our names are cherish'd—Bunker's hill,

And freedom's martyrs there who fell
Are not forgot and nerve us still,

And Lexington's remember'd well.
Heaven for our country is the cry—

The country of great Warren slain—
The chosen land of liberty—

And with the word he rushed amain :
Reached Saut au Matelot—but hark !

Amidst the cry there rises one,
Which until now I did not mark :

It is—" My father view thy son,
In this his last and fatal hour ;

For by my bosom Manitou,
On more than one death's form shall lower,
Ere it obscure and dim my view.
Areskoui, as myself I prove
Worthy the race from which I sprung,
So let me meet and share thy love,
My noble father's shades among.
Areskoui! this hour is thine,
My nation's many wrongs and mine,
In dark oblivion hence shall be,
Clasped in forgetfulness with me.
Areskoui! here the tumult grew,
And drown'd the rest, if more he drew
Forth in his descant wild—but where
Is Arnold's blade? not high in air!
And where his proudly nodding plume?
The eagle's spoils! Alas! a gloom
Hath overcast his fiery eye,
His cap and plume beside him lie:
But still within his pendant hand
He strains, though feebly strains the brand.
He bleeds, he reels, and fainting falls;
A draught the fleeting breath recalls.
Aroused, he wildiy rolls his eyes—
Rest ore my hand its hilt, he cries.

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I thank not his officious care
Who wrench'd it thence, not one shall bear
Its weight till death this arm impair—
Nay, urge me not the field to quit,
By Heaven! I will not leave it yet.
'Tis punished well this shattered bone,
It pressed so slow and idly on.
What! will ye force me—Morgan, thou?
Away, away, they haste him now,
But stormy wrath o'erclouds his brow,
And scarce refrains his arm to turn,
Vengeful on those by whom he's borne.

“Thus far right nobly have we strove :”
Thus Morgan—“Even now are wove
The wreaths of oak and Laurel twin'd,
With which ere long our brows we bind :
Green! dost thou mark yon barricade ;—
Thy efforts one platoon shall aid.”
Soon was he at his column's head,
And to th' assault impetuous led.
One volley sent hurled many a foe,
And one received laid but one low.
Then straightway to the parapet
They pressed—the ladders 'gainst it set,

Mounted and passed, and when 'twas won,
The midnight's reign was scarcely done.

Slow dawned the day to him I ween—
The time to prove that blades were keen.
But still among the train he led,
There were who wish'd it, yet with dread.
For all men are not formed to bear,
Their hearts up proudly 'gainst despair;
When over-wearied nature's met,
By ills which every way beset.

Howe'er, it came, that fatal morn—
The last of one eventful year.
Columbia's proudest! which saw borne
Full many a hero on his bier.
The first that saw such sight—the last
That tyranny might tread nor feel,
A pang updarted—when the past
And future pointed lead and steel!
Such year must not inglorious close—
Its latest day in storms has rose.
And it is welcomed—not by note
Warbled from forest songster's throat,
Or cock upon the heath, or bell
Of fieldward wending herds, which tell

Of herdsman's peaceful care, but by
A voice stentorian, fierce, and high ;
Which flew from rank to rank, and thrilled
An echo in each freeman's breast,
'Till bursting thence the air they filled,
And drown'd the one that woke their rest.
"On! on! in victory's narrow path—
Look forward—who behind shall cast
One lingering look shall meet my wrath,
One faltering step—be that his last.
Pause not o'er me if I should fall :
Aye, trample me beneath your feet,
And rush against the barrier wall,
Which as yon angle's turned ye meet :
That gained—ye join Montgomery's ranks,
Then Quebec's yours, and each receives
His valour's meed—his chieftain's thanks—
The recompense his country gives.
On Thayer, Potterfield, and Heth!
On Hendrick, Gansevoort and Green!
With me to victory or to death,
Be but what ye e'er this have been."
Thus saying, Morgan onward prest,
And furious led the "hope forlorn."
Oh! never will the patriot cast,

One name of theirs away with scorn.
The corner soon was gained—they turned—
When lo ! before their sight arrayed,
In serried ranks and arms that burned,
Stood foes, whose looks defiance bade !
From those opposing ranks stept one,
With lip of scorn and brow of pride.
It was their leader Anderson,
Whose vaunting words are vainly plied :
Rebels and madmen ! one and both
Submit, or now your hour is come ;
Submit, or by your broken oath,
In one quick stroke on yonder drum,
To fall as stamps my foot on earth,
Ye hear your death knell—then submit—
Lay down those arms so little worth,
And hope for life and pardon yet.”
Stern Morgan on his course paused not,
But snatched from comrade near his side
A rifle, and with bearing haught,
And cold, collected voice replied :—
“ My aim ne’er missed its object yet,
And shall not now miss thee,”
He raised the weapon with the threat,
And levelled gallantly.

The deed was done as soon as said,
The bullet whistled as it sped,

And Anderson lies low!

Then he resumed—"thus with the dead,
Consigned by freedom's potent lead,

Be each presumptuous foe."

He flashed his sword—"be this the sign
To deal to those, fate like to thine."

Now louder grows the battle strife;
With scores of death each volley's rife.

Loud shout the fierce contending foes:

They close—fall back—again they close—

Swords clash—tubes ring—and bullets pour—

Men cry and groan, and cannons roar:

But high o'er all where peril's most,

Soars Morgan's voice—himself a host.

High over all his sword is gleaming,

Proud by his side the banners streaming!

But who is yon of visage dark,

Whose tube hath found such frequent mark?

Who springs undaunted on his foe,

Fast following up the glancing blow?

With arm all bare and bloody red,

As streams the weapon o'er his head.

"Areskouï battle's God and mine,
I said and say this hour is thine."

He cried—"Already hath my arm,
To nineteen sped their last of harm,
One victim will I send thee yet,
Then rush on bristling bayonet."

He forward sprang with horrid yell,

His gory tomahawk upraised,
High waved it o'er him—fast it fell;

False was the aim and it but grazed
'Gainst Thayer in its erring flight.

Not such the wound which that repaid:
For Thayer drew and sheathed outright,

In dark Outauson's heart his blade.

Yet even as serpent darts his fang

In death inflicting deadly pang,

He raised his arm— essayed to guide

A death to him whose hand was red
With drop of his—it glanced aside—

His spirit with the effort fled.

But harmless it to earth again

Fell not—but opened Ogden's vein.

But hark! there spreads a joyful cry—

The British yield—they fly! they fly!

Haste! haste ye now ere they may find,

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A screen yon barricade behind.

Too late ! tis gained and they renew

More fierce and sharp the conflict there :

And many a corpse that spot shall strew,

Ere these shall yield, or those shall spare.

Now Humphrey ! all your courage rouse,

Hendrick, advance !—stand—Dearborn,—
stand !

Shame to the man whom sheltering house,

Shall prove in danger's hour unmanned.

So spake their chief, and first to brave,

And dare all danger—led the van :

And let the bullets round him rave,

His soul shall soar as it began !

On—on—through showers of deaths they rush

Like mountain torrent to the plain.

But all their fury may not crush,

Or force them from their hold—'tis vain !

That like the ocean's billows high,

Again the 'gainst the barrier break :

Tis vain ! they fight 'neath Carleton's eye,

Not one is he whom fear may shake.

Not one is he to yield the fight,

Whilst courage yet may check its course ;

Well had he strove thro' that dread night,

Nor yet declines his spirit's force.
Now louder grows the battle cry—
Columbia here—Brittania there—
Words which or these or those to fly
Forbid, but bid them all things dare.
And banner folds are proudly waving,
O'er crested warriors' desperate tread,
Who at each step fierce deaths are braving,
O'er those whom death no more may dread.
Their bosoms kindle at the sight,
Revenge adds fuel to their flame :
"Brethren ! the last and solemn rite,
Not now from brethren's hands ye claim.
But lofty deeds as bold and daring,
As those which ye essayed and died :
We hear and we obey uncaring,
How freely flows the purple tide."

A thousand tubes are level flung—
A thousand triggers backward sprung—
The loud report afar has rung—
In caverns wild and deep.
Less loud the distant echoes ring,
Remote and more remote they spring,
But must not—shall not sleep !

Another peal forbids their rest—
Scarce have yon rocks the last confest,
Another close on it is prest;

Another and another!
Incessant from their lodgments dark,
The swift balls seek the fated mark :

That earth is not the mother
Of many a form laid prostrate now,
Whose manly eye, unblenching brow,
Bespoke a soul that could not bow,

To aught, high heaven, save thee ;
That spurned the tyranny of kings,
And sought with eagle eye and wings,

The sun of liberty !
Not this her consecrated soil,
Where tyrants in their serpent-coil,
Forbade the world be free.

Much rests upon this dubious day,
Contested high and stern !

Where many slain leave more to slay,
And comrades step where comrades lay,

To fill their place, and learn—
How throbs the breast when bullets pierce,
How ebbs the tide of life—how fierce

Thirst scorches up the vein.
How comes the film upon the eye,
How reels the world, how all things fly—
In stupor then awhile to lie,
And startled, wake again
As from a dreadful dream, and meet
No friend to assist, no voice to greet;
None save the battle roar!
That drowns all groans—then spent, relapse
Quiescent on the snow that wraps;
And feeling wakes no more.

The morn hath dispersed the gloom of night.
How now with Morgan speeds the fight?
Deep maddening still the death fires light,
And every sinew's plied.
Right well have toiled his riflemen;
Through British embrasures their ken,
Has many a foe espied,
And cut them down as soon as seen—
Their aim was seldom known I ween,
To miss the mark it took.
But their opposers gather fast—
Back rolled upon the northern blast,
The battle cloud is broke:

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Shows wall and parapet well manned—

On every side they throng!

O heaven! aid that gallant band—

Not long beneath the fire they stand,

They must retreat ere long.

Their limbs are numbed and stiff with cold,

Their ardour cools—their courage falls,

They falter now no longer bold:

But Morgan's thundering trump recalls.

They rally—and the sulphurous cloud,

Lowers black as those in storms descending.

And hark! methinks that voice so loud,

Bespeaks a heart unbent—unbending.

“The ladders to the parapet!

The ladders! plant them quickly there.”

Right promptly are they 'gainst it set,

But who to mount those walls shall dare?

At once a score of trumpets bayed

A war note shrill and wide!

Then Potterfield, thou undismayed

Wert first to tempt that escalade—

Heth soon was at thy side.

Nor, Hendrick, wert thou of the last,

Whose shadows were upshooting cast,

Upon those mural stones.



